

The History of

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buck-
ron, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hose.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came
in foot & hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three mis- begotten knaues,
in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it
was so darke, *Hall*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prin. These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse
as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou
knotty-pared fopple, thou horseon obsecene greasie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the
truth?

Prin. Why, how couldst thou know these men in *Kendall*
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand?
come tell vs your reason. What sayst thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reason, *Iack*, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? *Zounds*, and I were at the
strappado, or all theracks in the world, I would not tell you on
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were
as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon
compulsion, I.

Prin. He bee no longer guilty of this sinne. This sanguine co-
ward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill
of flesh.

Fal. *Zblood* you starueling, you elskiane, you dried neats-
tongue, buls pizzle, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what
is like thee? you taylors yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you
vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou
hast tried, by selfe in base coparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two law you foure set on foure and bound them, &
were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine rale shal
put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a
word

Henry the Fourth.

word, outfac'd you fro your prize, and haue it, yea, & can shew
it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts a-
way as nimble, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, &
still run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou
to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in
fight? what trickes? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou
now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant shame?

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iack*, what trickes hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee.
Why heare you masters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire ap-
parant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou know-
est I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lyon
will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a
coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and
thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true
Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the money.
Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow:
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fel-
lowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue
a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse.

Hof. O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

Hof. Matry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore,
would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and
send him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauity ext of his Bed at mid-night? Shall
I giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iack*.

Fal. Faith, and ile send him packing.

Prin. Now lirs: *birdy* you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so
did you *Bardol*; you are Lyon too, you ran away vpon instinct,
you will not touch the true Prince, no, sic.

Bar. Faith, ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.